

# The Musical World.

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## MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.

Mr. ELLA commenced his winter season on Saturday night, at Willis's Rooms, with an excellent programme. The Musical Winter Evenings were instituted last year, as a pendent to the Musical Union, and, from their being now continued, it may be presumed that the essay proved successful. The amateurs of quartets and other kinds of chamber music, who reside at the west end of the metropolis, will doubtless support Mr. Ella in his undertaking; and, with good management, there is no reason why the Musical Winter Evenings should not be ultimately established on as firm a basis as the Musical Union. Such institutions merit encouragement, since they are calculated to be of material utility in promoting the legitimate objects of art.

As at the Musical Union, the programmes of the Winter Evenings are virtually confined to instrumental music, the occasional introduction of vocal pieces forming an exception to the rule. The selection on Saturday was as follows:—

|                               |              |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Quartet, in D, No. 10 ... ..  | Mozart.      |
| Sonata, A flat, Op. 26 ... .. | Beethoven.   |
| Quintet, in A, Op. 18 ... ..  | Mendelssohn. |
| Trio, E flat, Op. 100 ... ..  | Schubert.    |

Executants.—First violin, Herr Molique; second violin, Mr. Mellon; first viola, Herr Goffrie; second viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Piatti; pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé.

Mozart's quartet was admirably played. No violinist is more thoroughly at home in this particular school of music than Molique, whose chaste style and finished execution are precisely what are required. To praise Signor Piatti—in this, as in other kinds of music, without a rival among existing performers on the violoncello—would be superfluous. The middle parts of the quartet were ably sustained by Messrs. Alfred Mellon and Goffrie; and, indeed, from beginning to end, there was hardly a point to criticise. The quartets, and other instrumental compositions of Mozart, have retained their freshness up to the present moment. Although nearly 70 years have elapsed since the quartet in D was written, it is in vain to search for any of those antiquated turns of phrase, and cadences made vulgar by too constant familiarity, which rob some of the finest works of Haydn of a portion of their charm. While Haydn appears at times as a prim and well-preserved old maid, Mozart bears always the stamp of youth. His music stands the test of comparison with anything that has come after it, in spite of the added means and appliances of modern art, and of the very important modifica-

tions established by Beethoven in some of the higher forms of composition. The performance of Mendelssohn's quintet, although on the whole effective, and as regards the first violin and violoncello beyond reproach, was not so complete and satisfactory as that of Mozart's quartet. The parts for the two violas are of extreme importance, and while Mr. Goffrie did full justice to the first, as much cannot be said of the gentleman who undertook the second, and who, among other things, led off the subject of the *scherzo* at such prodigious speed that, had it not been for the commanding precision of Molique and Piatti, the whole would have gone to pieces at the outset. There was also a want of clearness in many places, not only of this movement, but throughout the quintet. The *andante* alone could be said to be unexceptionable. The quintet in A, one of the most original and striking of the chamber works of its composer, has long taken its place by the side of the G minor of Mozart and the C major of Beethoven (to neither of which, however, does it bear the most distant resemblance) as a model, unsurpassable in its way, of this species of composition. Mendelssohn wrote both this and the magnificent *ottetto* for stringed instruments before he was twenty years of age, shortly after the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and about the same period as the *Reformation Symphony*, which the four gentlemen at Leipsic, who have had the charge of his unpublished manuscripts, have, on the most slender pretexts, resolved to bury in oblivion, amidst a vast number of compositions demanded with equal anxiety by the musical world at large. Produced almost consentaneously with three such masterpieces, it is impossible to believe that the *Reformation Symphony*—a work of equal significance as to length and design, upon which it is well known Mendelssohn laboured assiduously—should be so destitute of merit, or so full of weakness, as to render it unfit for publication. Nevertheless, M. Paul Mendelssohn, brother of the composer, supports MM. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Rietz, and David in their resolution to suppress it, and has stated in a letter (*M. W.*, No. 6), his perfect acquiescence in the line of conduct pursued at Leipsic with regard to the MSS. It should be stated, however, that M. Paul Mendelssohn is an amateur, and that the late Mendelssohn left no directions about the disposition of his unpublished works, the whole of which he preserved with scrupulous care, as the very interesting and circumstantial catalogue, made in his own handwriting, and now in London, testifies beyond the possibility of doubting. The *Reformation Symphony* (to serve as an example) was composed in 1827; and in 1847, when Men-

delahed died, the score was still in his possession. Surely, if he had wished to destroy it, he would not have taken twenty years to make up his mind. We have a right, then, to believe that he had no such intention; nor can we admit that a gentleman who, however near a relative, is not a musician, and therefore not a competent judge, should presume on his own account to do what Mendelssohn himself refrained from doing. The four professors at Leipsic, to whose superintendence M. Paul Mendelssohn has committed the unpublished works, are all men of eminence; but, as Mendelssohn had no hand in making them his artistic executors, and as, moreover, he left no instructions for them, nor for any others, to follow, it cannot reasonably be expected that the world will be satisfied with leaving to MM. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Rietz, and David, the option of publishing, destroying, or consigning his manuscripts to obscurity. In his very admirable paper on the subject, Mr. Macfarren, who takes the same view of the matter as the great majority of musicians, justly affirms that whatever weaknesses may be detected in the unpublished works of Mendelssohn can in no way qualify his reputation; while, on the other hand, such beauties as may be discovered in them must add to it. The mere fact of the *Reformation Symphony* being an early work, and belonging to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* period, renders it all the more interesting. The world, which has decided the place that Mendelssohn is destined to occupy in his art, cannot but be delighted and benefitted by every means that may now be afforded of following the development of his talent, and the expansion of his genius, through the various steps by which maturity was reached. We must insist that neither family nor friends have a voice in the matter, and that, after the commercial property in the MSS. shall have been guaranteed to the former, the whole should be printed and published without delay—dates and other essential particulars being carefully noted and confirmed. There are music-sellers ready and anxious to undertake the responsibility. No substantial reason can be adduced why the family of Mendelssohn should be deprived of the money's worth of Mendelssohn's labours, or why the world should be robbed of its rightful inheritance in another and more important point of view. If the publication be not effected, and quickly, we shall, at all events, have an unquestionable right to demand at the hands of M. Paul Mendelssohn, and at those of the Leipsic professors, a strict and accurate account of what has been done, or what is intended to be done, with the MSS. in their possession—not to speak of those in the custody of M. Schleinitz, another friend of Mendelssohn, and another self-constituted tribune. Enough time has been already lost. Mendelssohn has been dead nearly six years, and not one-eighth of his manuscripts have been accounted for. The symphony in A (which, like the *Reformation Symphony*, was preserved by the composer during a long series of years in his portfolio, and might, therefore, have been suppressed with equal reason, and upon the same showing) was three years in coming out; the frag-

ments from *Christus* and *Lorely*, four; and there have been charily and sluggishly distributed, at the rate of a few pieces annually. The public is justly apprehensive; and it would be much wiser in the Leipsic gentlemen to abandon their task to others more zealous, if they have so little time at their disposal to devote to it.

While Mendelssohn's manuscripts are denied to the public, there was never a greater want of novelty in classical music of all kinds. M. Charles Hallé, who was Mr. Ella's pianist on Saturday night, must have been at his wits' end to find something new to play, before selecting such a dry and uninteresting piece as Schubert's trio in E flat, upon which his own great talents, in conjunction with those of Molique and Platti, were wasted. This piece is intolerably long, and quite as dull as it is long. Though executed to perfection by M. Hallé and his coadjutors, it fell dead upon the ear of the audience, and was received with the utmost indifference. Schubert never greatly excelled in the composition of instrumental music; and in this trio (which, unlike the *Reformation Symphony*, has not the excuse of being an "early work") he was more than usually unfortunate. All the good playing in the world—and better than that of Saturday would be difficult to get—could never make it effective. In the sonata of Beethoven (an early work, but not the less beautiful on that account) M. Hallé was in his element. His playing was exquisitely finished, both as to style and execution—worthy, in short of himself and of the music. At the end of the concert M. Hallé performed a romance by Henselt, and the first prelude from Mendelssohn's book of *Six Preludes and Fugues*—a publication by no means so well known as it deserves to be. In the course of the evening, Mr. Ella introduced four Hungarian vocalists, who unexpectedly, but not unpleasantly, varied the programme by singing one of Mendelssohn's most popular table songs (quartets), "Liebe wahl."

The audience was numerous, select, and uniformly attentive.

#### LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The oratorio of *Solomon* was given by this Society, on Monday, January 31. The soloists were Miss Birch, Mrs. Temple, Miss C. Felton, and Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The character of this work is now pretty well understood. With the usual fertility in the choral portions, the rest of the work contains too much dead weight to make it probable that the oratorio will, in its entire shape, stand the test of time. Even the famous "Judgment scene" has failed to inspire Handel with his wonted dramatic power. The choruses are, as usual, thunder-crowned. Among these, that in the first act, "Praise ye the Lord," with the huge surging masses of harmony in the introductory movement in C minor, stands pre-eminent. The popular chorus, "Let no rash intruder," in its graceful simplicity and repose, is as completely modern as if it had been written yesterday. Among the light and brilliant choruses, that in the second act "From the east unto the west," should not be omitted. But the great effort of the work, and one of the grandest achievements of Handel's pen, is the chorus "From the Censer," which opens the very thunder clouds on us. Miss Birch, to whom the most important share

\* Published by Addison and Hollier.

of the music fell, acquitted herself with even more than her usual ability. The air "With thee, the unsheltered moor," was delivered with deep natural feeling, and in the song in the Judgment scene, "Can I see my infant gored," she caught the expression of maternal passion with a felicity which gave not only to the song, but to the whole scene, an interest the more honourable to the fair vocalist, from the unsuccessfulness of Handel in endowing the scene with his usual power. We heartily wish that Miss Birch would always enable us to say as much of her on similar occasions. Miss C. Felton has a very sweet contralto voice. Time and study must give her style the development and *vivida ris* needful to a votary of Handel. And here is Mrs. Temple, who with slender physical requisites, will show how much may be done by a graceful perception and fluent delivery of the thoughts she is interpreting. Of Messrs. Lockey and Lawler, the former had but little to do, and the music allotted to the latter was of a somewhat unrepaying kind. The names of these gentlemen, however, are warrant enough for their "quality." The choir, although generally efficient, was occasionally at fault. The aforesaid introductory movement to the chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," was somewhat unsteady, but the grand chorus, "From the Censer," was given with its due amount of precision and energy, and the graceful and popular "Let no rash intruder," was delivered with the utmost clearness and delicacy. The inferior oratorios of Handel have now had a fair trial at the ordeal of public opinion, and we may anticipate with some confidence, what will be the final verdict respecting them. Up to the last twenty years, one half of his oratorios, with the exception of a few songs and choruses, were to be seen or heard of in the closet of the student alone. To the bulk of the musical public they were known by name only, scarcely even by that. But, although these works have been rescued from the unmerited oblivion to which the ancestral wisdom had consigned them, it may be doubted whether they will continue to be listened to in their entire shape. Magnificent selections might be made from them, of bulk and continuity enough at once to preserve the unity of the works, and rid them of their dead weight. Such an experiment cannot be much longer delayed; and we have hazarded these remarks for the purpose, of suggesting it to both Societies. (From a Correspondent.)

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance on Wednesday night was not only the best that has been heard this season, but one of the most effective ever given by the society. The hall was densely crowded, and no wonder, since the attractions offered were two such masterpieces as the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, and the *Requiem* of Mozart. It appeared, however, that the accommodations of the building were not calculated to insure the comfort of a considerable number of the audience, since there were indications of dissatisfaction in the course of the performance, which between the two parts of the concert broke out into a regular clamour. A speech from a gentleman of the committee was insufficient to allay the commotion, which did not subside until the first chorus in Mozart's *Requiem* had begun. It would be advisable on the part of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society to take measures against the recurrence of scenes which may in the end be injurious to the performances. While a rule has been wisely established forbidding applause and *encores*, in consideration of the music being sacred, it appears somewhat anomalous that no provision has been instituted against manifestations of a character so much more likely to disturb the attention of the audience. There are certain

inconveniences connected with Exeter Hall which have long been matters of serious annoyance to the public, and the Sacred Harmonic Society is especially interested in having them remedied as soon as possible.

Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise) has been more than once described at length. Composed for a festival in honour of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, it was first executed at Leipzig 13 years ago. In 1841 it was produced at the Birmingham Festival, under the direction of the author. Since then it has slowly made its way with the public, chiefly through the medium of the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies; and, although undoubtedly one of the greatest works of the master, it is only of late that its merits have been generally understood and acknowledged. The choral part, or hymn, is preceded by three elaborate instrumental movements, as in the *Ode to Joy* in Beethoven's ninth and last symphony; and we believe that no other work in the same form exists, excepting the two in question. The design of the *Lobgesang*—based upon a Lutheran *chorale*—having been already analyzed, it is unnecessary to allude to it further; nor is it requisite to pay any tribute at this time to its transcendent merits as a work of art. The execution on Wednesday night, under Mr. Costa's direction, was by far the most satisfactory that has been heard in London. The instrumental movements—particularly the *allegretto agitato* in G minor, with which the *chorale* of Luther is so ingeniously intermixed—were extremely well performed, and the choral movements—much more difficult than those in *Elijah*—exhibited many points worthy of unqualified praise. The chorus, "The night is departing," which has never been surpassed in grandeur, the *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," especially the second verse, sung in unison to orchestral accompaniments, and the *finale*, which contains a masterly fugue on the words, "Sing ye the Lord," were executed with a power and volume of tone to which only the immense resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society are equal. By this performance a great work has advanced a step in the appreciation of a public which, accustomed to such works as the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, has not yet done absolute justice to *Israel in Egypt* and *St. Paul*—a public, indeed, in some degree bigotted, and not without a show of reason.

The *Requiem* of Mozart is familiar to every musician and to every amateur of the highest class of sacred music. To describe it would be superfluous, to criticise it absurd. All that can possibly be said for and against it, has been said a hundred times; and it is still, and is ever likely to be, acknowledged as one of the greatest efforts of one of the greatest of masters. The last work of its composer, it is worthy of all that preceded it; and, had anything been wanted to stamp Mozart's genius as immortal, the *Requiem* would have done it. Religious differences, which ought surely to have nothing to do with art, have militated against the general popularisation of the *Requiem* in England; and, although the Sacred Harmonic Society may be justly said to represent sacred music in this country, it was never executed publicly by the members until Wednesday night. With as much reason might one of Raphael's *Madonnas* be excluded from the National Gallery, or any other public collection in a Protestant country, as the *Requiem* of Mozart be banished from the concert-room simply on account of its being a musical setting of certain parts of the Roman Catholic office for the dead. Because we are transfixed with admiration before one of the inspired Italian's delineations of the Virgin, we are not necessarily subjects of the Pope or adherents of Cardinal Wiseman; the most zealous Puritan, indeed, would never in these days suggest such an inconsequent conclusion. Why, then, should the enjoyment of Mozart's sublime music to the



*Requiem* be interdicted on similar pretences? Art has nothing to do with difference of creeds, and happily the march of civilization has gradually unrooted many unmeaning prejudices—this among the rest. The Sacred Harmonic Society will no longer be obliged to announce the *Mount of Olives* of Beethoven as *Engedi*; they have performed the fragments of Mendelssohn's *Christus*; and the *Requiem* of Mozart under their original titles, and the next time they give one of the masses of Beethoven, Haydn, or Cherubini, they will not be compelled to resort to the subterfuge of designating it as a "service." It is scarcely necessary to say that the *Requiem* of Mozart consists of 13 pieces:—a chorus in two parts, "Requiem *Æternam*," and "Kyrie Eleison," in B flat and D minor; a chorus, "Dies iræ," in the same key; a quartet, "Tuba mirum," in B flat; a chorus, "Rex Tremende Majestatis," in G minor; a quartet, "Recordare," in F; a chorus, "Confutatis," in A minor, leading to another chorus, "Lacrymosa," in D minor; a chorus, "Domine Jesu Christe," in G minor; another in E flat, "Hostias et preces," another in D, "Sanctus, sanctus," a quartet, "Benedictus," in B flat; a chorus, "Agnus Dei," in D minor; leading to a final chorus, in two movements, in B flat and D minor, "Lux *Æterna*," and "Cum sanctis tuis," set to the same music as the second part of the opening chorus, and the "Kyrie Eleison." The strange story connected with the composition, the claims of Sussmayer to that part of it which counts from the "Sanctus," and a hundred such matters concerning Mozart's last effort, are too stale to be repeated now. Enough that, although in many places the evident influence of Handel takes something from that originality which Mozart can boast in almost all his works, and although there are only two attempts at fugue—the "Kyrie Eleison," (repeated at the end to other words), and a short *fugato* following the "Sanctus" and "Benedictus,"—the *Requiem* is one of those imperishable things that time cannot touch nor fashion injure. Its performance was admirable from first to last, and we doubt if Mr. Costa has ever taken more pains to bring out a great work in a style worthy of the society over the musical department of which he presides with such zeal and ability. The success of the *Requiem* was complete; the impression it produced was undeniable; the audience were moved and delighted, and the Sacred Harmonic Society has added a new masterpiece to its *repertoire*.

We must not conclude without naming Misses L. Pyne and Williams, Messrs. Locket and Lawler, to whom were allotted the solo vocal parts in the *Lobgesang* and the *Requiem*, and who, with few chances of shining individually, took such pains as entitled them to unreserved eulogy.

### Foreign.

HAMBURG.—(From a Correspondent.)—On the 28th ultimo, Mozart's masterpiece, *Don Juan*, was performed at the theatre in this city. Herr Forbes played the principal part; and, we regret to say, he met with an accident that had nearly proved fatal. Fortunately he escaped with only a few contusions. The accident was occasioned by the carelessness of one of the workmen; on a change of scene, overthrowing Herr Forbes in the hurry of the moment. Herr Forbes was prevented from continuing his part, and another gentleman, Herr Lindemann, had the kindness to fill his place, in order that the opera might be performed to the end. Herr Reichardt, in the part of Octavio, highly pleased the audience, and was much applauded, especially in the famous "Il mio tesoro," which he sang with considerable effect. A few nights previous, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was performed. Herr Forbes, as Sa-

raastro, and Herr Reichardt, as Tamino, were both entitled to much praise. The latter sang the difficult Recitative, and the grand Aria, "Rose wie bist du so schön" capitably, and to the admiration of all the *connoisseurs* present. On Wednesday, Herr Hildebrandt Romberg, grandson to the celebrated Bernhard Romberg, gave a concert here. The young artist seems to be worthy of his sire, and is likely to become a first-rate artist on the violoncello. Her Reichardt sang charmingly a new Romance, written and composed for him. The very poetical words are by Dr. Sigismund Walker, and the music by Herr Wurda. In the second part of the concert, Herr Reichardt sang most charmingly one of Franz Abt's beautiful songs. Applause and an encore were the reward of the accomplished singer.

VIENNA.—On the 14th January, Herr Kúke gave his last, and at the same time, his most interesting concert, which again attracted a full audience. His programme, besides some of his own compositions, was enriched by Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with full orchestra. The artists were all from the Imperial Opera, throughout Herr Kúke was frequently and rapturously applauded; and it was generally remarked that his touch seemed even more effective in a work of this serious nature than in others of a lighter kind. Herr Kúke, on being entered in one of his pieces, played the favourite "lockenspiel" with great spirit, and thus worthily concluded a concert in every way delectable.

### JULIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS IN THE PROVINCES.—AT BATH.

(From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

The indisposition of Madlle. Anna Zerr was likely to have proved a very serious diminution of the amount of entertainment provided by M. Jullien on the occasion of his professional leave-taking of his tried patrons in this city. The lady had, however, sufficiently recovered on Saturday to allow of her making her appearance according to the early announcements; but to be prepared, as far as possible, against disappointment, the spirited Maestro had made arrangements with two other lady vocalists to supply the place of Madlle. Zerr, and who made their appearance as an addition to the *carte*. We had said that the circumstance of that lady's illness was likely to have been exceedingly damaging, for it must in candour be admitted that the vocalization of the lady substitutes would have been but an unsatisfactory compensation for the absence of Anna Zerr. Although the Viennese prima donna sang under the disabling influence of recent illness, and was still so far unrecovered as to be unable to discharge her full share of the obligations of the programme,—appealing to the indulgence of the audience in the morning for a single song, and substituting a comparatively simple Tyrolean ballad for the elaborate aria from *Il Flauto Magico*, she yet afforded a sufficient taste of her quality to give assurance of the great *artiste*, and to enhance the feeling of regret that untoward circumstances had prevented a Bath audience from making more complete acquaintance with perhaps one of the finest and most cultivated organs ever heard. So rare is the compass and so perfect the flexibility of Madlle. Zerr's delightful soprano, that we have been informed she was the first vocalist who ever attempted, successfully, to render the difficult music of Mozart's charming opera, *Il Flauto Magico*, as it was penned by the composer; the narrower range and inferior flexibility of other vocalists, who have attempted the part of the heroine, requiring transpositions and departures from the original score. We regretted exceedingly, not less for the sake of the artist than of the auditory assembled in the morning, that the first occasion of a visit to this city by a lady who certainly has no equal in the florid and ornate school of vocalization should have been, from unavoidable circumstances, so mutually disappointing. For the rest of the programme, we can scarcely compliment Mons. Jullien upon having provided, on

this special occasion, his ordinary amount of attractive entertainment. His band struck us as being, numerically, less powerful than usual; though to be sure König was still there with his cornet, and the brothers Mollenhauer with their violins were a host in themselves, while M. Waille's clarinet left nothing to be desired in his department; and it is perhaps scarcely fair to complain that others were less efficiently filled than was wont. The new dance-music launched on the occasion, with the exception of "The English Quadrille," did not present anything *de resistance*, while the polka "Les Echos du Mont Blanc," originally written, we think, with interchanging parts for two cornopeans, was—probably for want of another "principal cornet"—rendered by König alone, the consequence of which little bit of eccentricity was that the audience got a good deal of the "echo" without the "antecedent." A selection from the conductor's opera, *Pietro il Grande*, formed an important feature of the programme, the arrangement of a portion of which was novel and very effective: a tristful aria, "Oh, heaven, hear my prayer," is first given on the oboe, as supposed to be sung at night by the unhappy heroine in the streets of the capital; presently distant dance-music is heard,—it is the Mazurka floating along from the gorgeous saloons of the Kremlin; anon the wailing oboe breaks in again with the doleful "lamento," and the subdued music of the lively Mazurka forms a kind of contrasted accompaniment to the sad strains of the oboe,—an effect which is presently yet further heightened by the introduction of the "midnight prayer" of the nuns, which is heard as if issuing from a neighbouring convent. Jullien is an adept at combinations *ad captandum* like these, and the present was a very successful specimen of its class. Two symphonies (one of Mendelssohn and one of Beethoven), both very well executed, with the other selections to which we have adverted, made up a very lengthened programme, the dimensions of which were pleaded in non-compliance with sundry demands for *encore*. With allowance for the disappointment in the vocal department—a disappointment probably felt more keenly by those who had heard Madlle. Anna Zerr under more favourable circumstances, than by those to whom she was known only by repute—the concert passed off well; with less *furor* possibly than has heretofore been created; but satisfactorily, nevertheless. M. Jullien will bear with him from Bath cordial wishes for his future success; he has originated a style of musical entertainment in this country which will long remain identified with his name, and in this city he has certainly found discriminating and liberal patrons. It is only reasonable to suppose that the advantage has been mutual, and M. Jullien therefore leaves us under circumstances which may prompt a very hearty mutual "*Au revoir*."

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. J. Thorne Harris's Classical Chamber Concert, Library Hall, Athenæum. Second Series. Fourth and last concert. Thursday, February 3rd, 1853.

## PROGRAMME.

|  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Grand Trio in C minor, Op. 66 .....                                | Mendelssohn.                     |
| Song (Mr. Perring).....  | Salamon.                         |
| Selection (P. Foote) ...   | { Polonaise, Op. 26 .... Chopin. |
|  | { Duetti, A flat } .....         |
|  | { Volklied, Op. 53 } .....       |
| Grand duo } in E flat, No. 3, Op. 12 .....                         | Beethoven.                       |
| SONATO DUO, } .....  |                                  |
| Pianoforte } Adagio sostenuto, } in A, Op. 32 ...                  | W. S. Bennett.                   |
| and } Allegro giusto, } .....                                      | (Dedicated to                    |
| Violoncello. } Minuetto caracteristique, } .....                   | Piatti.)                         |
|  | { Rondo—Allegretto piacevole. }  |
| SONG.  |                                  |
| GRAND TRIO, } .....  |                                  |
| Pianoforte, } Poco adagio, } in B flat, from Op. 133...L. Spohr.   |                                  |
| Violin, and } Presto. } .....                                      |                                  |
| Violoncello. }   |                                  |
| SOLO.....Pianoforte. . . . .Grand Fantasia, "Lucia".....E.Prudent. |                                  |

We very much regret that a bad cough and a severe cold kept your correspondent at home on the evening of the above interesting concert (but there was no help for it)! We should so much have liked to have heard Sterndale Bennett's duo sonata, and Spohr's trio—to say nothing of the Mendelssohn trio and Beethoven's duo sonata in the first part—we can merely send you the programme as a record of a very good Chamber Concert. Being the last of Mr. Harris's series this season, we should not have liked it to have passed over entirely unnoticed. We understand the room was the best filled of the season, and the performances fully equal to any of the preceding concerts—Baetens and Lidel playing their best; and Harris, in Prudent's fantasia from *Lucia*, quite surpassed himself. We hope the Library Hall of the Athenæum will be quite filled on Tuesday next, when the Amateurs' concert, in compliment to Mr. Harris, takes place. A good many tickets are sold already.—There was a grand treat at the Concert Hall here on Wednesday last, the 9th instant—Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, Mr. Weiss, and last, not least, Madame Pleyel. We would have given a good deal to have seen and heard the latter play (but, of course, admission to the Concert Hall was purely impossible). So much have we heard and read of Madame Pleyel and her pianoforte playing, that we have a great desire to hear her, and wish she would make her appearance at some less exclusive place than the Concert Hall. We have heard Mrs. Anderson, Madame Duleken, and Miss Christiana Weller—all great lady pianists—but we want to hear one said to surpass them all, and that is Madame Pleyel! The directors of the Concert Hall have called a meeting of the subscribers for Monday next, to determine upon the new scheme for enlarging its sphere of usefulness, and extending the subscription list. The plan seems well devised and fairly considered, and we should think it will be carried. It is to reduce the issue of tickets for each concert from 1,200 to 1000, sufficient to fill the hall comfortably without overcrowding; to hold duplicate concerts, one for each list of subscribers; the present number of subscribers to be increased from 600 to 1000, at five guineas each; the names to be divided into two lists—a red list and a blue list. The holders of the red tickets have the first concert one time—the holders of the blue have the first next time, and so on. Tickets to be transferable between each list of subscribers. There has always been a long list of candidates to become subscribers, ever since the new hall opened in August, 1830, and for some years they have numbered 300 at least, who, on an average, had to wait five years before they could be admitted! The Free Trade Hall is to come down in April, and is to be replaced by a first-class hall for concert purposes, with a smaller one for concerts like Charles Hall's—the first to hold 4,000 to 5,000, the latter some 600. So next winter season will open with more favourable prospects, and more desirable rooms. Query: Will "The Hargreaves Choral Society" be revived? or, will a better opportunity for its revival ever occur?

According to the *Guardian*, of Wednesday, Mr. Thomas's first concert, "a la Jullien," was successful "musically," but attracted by no means a large audience. We hope that he will have a better muster as the merits of his band become better known.

## Original Correspondence.

MR. ETHERINGTON AND OUR CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Illness has prevented my answering Mr. Etherington's letter in last week's *Musical World*. If you consider the matter of any interest to the public, you can insert the subjoined communication in the next number of your valuable paper.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Etherington is at perfect liberty to believe that my strictures on his concert at Richmond are inconsistent and unjust. Independent criticisms, if unfavourable, are generally so considered by the parties criticised; nevertheless, for the purpose of justifying my report to the readers of the *Musical World*, I shall very briefly reply to the objections taken against my notice by Mr. Etherington.

Mr. Etherington denies that Miss Dolby was encored in all her songs, and particularises the ballad "Sunshine of our home." This very trivial complaint is easily answered. Miss Dolby was, as she richly merited, encored in this, as well as in the other songs, but she did not comply with the wishes of the audience; having already obliged them, it was enough for Miss Dolby to bow off an encore.

The second complaint made by this gentleman, is founded on a direct misquotation. I said "that the stringed instruments were the best that could be found." Mr. Etherington says "that they were not the best that could be procured. Very likely not. Mr. Etherington could, if he pleased, have procured (and it is within the range of possibility), such celebrities as Sivori, Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Botesini, but better performers than those who played the stringed instruments at Richmond, could not readily be found in England, for a concert of this class. In reference to the wind instruments, the mere fact of Herr Anschuetz having had to play the wind parts of Mr. Grattan Cooke's band on the pianoforte, is a sufficient proof of the style in which those performers executed their portion of the evening's entertainment. I have to say that Messrs. W. Phillips and Mr. Bergmann do not belong to Mr. Cooke's band, and that their performance was entirely put out by what I must again designate the execrable performance of that ill-assorted corps.

As Mr. Etherington believes that the Scherzo and Wedding March, and the selections from *Der Freischütz*, were decidedly well played, I again repeat my assurance that as I was never so unreasonable as to suppose that my criticism would satisfy Mr. Etherington, he must enjoy his own opinion, as every man, they say, has a right to do.

The conclusion of Mr. Etherington's letter contains some remarks which, as closely approaching to personality, are silly, and on such a subject uncalled for. I was neither frantic, labouring under "delirium tremens," nor afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*. As a lover of Mendelssohn's inspired music, I thought it my duty to that illustrious composer, to the able and devoted artists engaged in the concert, and to the musical public of Richmond, to expose a very flagrant deficiency in a most important section of the management. It seems fashionable, just now, for the managers of dramatic and musical entertainments to kick against honest criticism, in fact, to resent such with the acerbity which should only be provoked by malevolent personality. These good caterers for the public amusement have been, for so long a time, spoiled by velvet tongued and inane eulogies, which might almost be stereotyped, that they stand aghast in indignant amazement when subjected to the ordeal of impartial and truthful plain dealing; still, Mr. Etherington may rest assured that I have not any inclination to speak aught but what I regard as strictly just about either him or his concerts, and also, that I shall never write either more or less than what the occasion seems to me to require. I unhesitatingly leave your readers to decide between me and Mr. Etherington.

LECTURE HALL, GREENWICH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to correct some errors and omissions in your report last week of the concert at the above place, on Thursday sen'night. Miss Poole did not sing Balfe's ballad, "Reject me not," but the "Canteneer," by the same writer. In this, and in her comic duet with Miss Messent, she was encored, but not in Dibdin's song "Wapping old Stairs." Miss Binckes also was encored in Hawes's pretty ballad, "I'll speak of thee;" and Mr. Ransford was called upon to repeat Mr. S. Glover's song, "The monks of old." Of Miss Warman your report says nothing. This lady is a very young singer, (in appearance scarcely numbering eighteen summers,) and possesses considerable personal as well as vocal attractions. She is greatly improved since her *debut*, about a twelvemonth ago. She has a high soprano voice, clear and sweet, to which time will bring strength and mellowness. She sang the *ci-divant* famous *bravura*, "The Soldier tired," very nicely indeed, and took the soprano part in Barnett's graceful and popular

trio, "This magic wove scarf," with a delicacy of expression worthy of the music. Miss Warman was encored in the Scotch melody, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town" and on the repetition, substituted "I'm ower young to marry yet," the naive effect of the words being aided by the handsome face and extreme youth of the fair vocalist. The instrumental feature of the concert was Mendelssohn's *Presto agitato*, in E minor, played by Miss Binfield Williams, whose rapid progress within the last two years is fast placing her beside our leading pianists. Her reading is graphic and refined, and her touch brilliant and elastic. The unwonted speed at which she took the Rondo, will readily account for a slight unsteadiness in some of the more rapid and intricate passages. In Miss Binfield Williams we have, undoubtedly, an accession to our fair classical instrumentalists. The large theatre of the institution was quite full.

Yours, J. G.

### Dramatic.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Saturday last, after the comedy, *Masks and Faces*, in which Mr. Webster's excellent performance of Triplet, the poet-painter, brought tears and smiles alternately from the audience, and Mrs. Stirling's impersonation of the open-hearted Peg Woffington, made every one admire her talents—merely observing (aside) "what a pity, when disguised as the [country] wife, Mrs. Stirling does not recollect that Mr. Vane is a gentleman, and not a simpleton"—a new farce was produced, under the title of *To Paris and Back for five pounds*. The following is an outline of the plot: Pounce (Mr. Braid), a sheriff's officer, is intrusted with a writ to secure the person of a Mr. Charles Markham (Mr. Howe), who has been engaged in a duel, and has dangerously wounded his antagonist. Pounce traces Markham to Tunbridge, and at the railway station remains to watch the trains as they come in. Markham, who has been stopping at the hotel in disguise, accidentally sees Pounce, and suspecting his designs, determines to throw him off the scent; for that purpose he writes a letter, wherein he states that "before any one shall have read the said letter, he, the miserable Charles Markham, will be no more, as he purposes, on the instant, drowning himself in the river"—(query, is there a river at Tunbridge?) No sooner is the letter finished, left on a table in the garden, and Markham concealed, than the excursion train "To Paris and Back for five pounds" stops at the station. Mr. Spriggins (Mr. Lambert) and his niece Fanny (Miss Amelia Vining), who are among the passengers, descend to the platform, and looks out for Fanny's cousin, Mr. Samuel Snuzzle (Mr. Buckstone), to whom she is betrothed, and who was to join them at Tunbridge station. To their infinite distress Mr. Snuzzle does not appear, and as they cannot go on without him, they accept the offer of Markham (who overhears their conversation, and also, sly dog, sees and admires the beauty of Fanny, whom he had met before), to show them the lions of the town. The shrill whistle of the engine is now heard as it starts on its route, and at this moment Mr. Samuel Snuzzle rushes on, armed to the teeth with carpet bag and other traps that travellers are heirs to, breathless with haste, and screaming, "stop her;" but alas! poor Snuzzle is left behind, "she won't stop, what's to be done?" "Send a message, by the electric telegraph, that you will join your friends by the next train," suggests a railway policeman—no sooner suggested than done. Mr. Snuzzle, while giving his message, very much annoys the telegraph clerk for a length of time by not telling him his name. Mr. Snuzzle has a weakness; he thinks there is a great deal in a name, although a celebrated poet suggests the contrary; "whenever Snuzzle mentions his name, everybody laughs; how could his dear mother



ever have married any one of the name of Snozzle!" It must, however, be given; the clerk laughs, of course, and the message is sent. Mr. Snozzle is at a loss what to do with himself till the arrival of the next train; he however recollects a conquest he made on a former journey of a "splendid creature" (Mr. Snozzle considers himself a lady-killer), who told him she lived at Tunbridge, and would be happy to see him whenever he was in the neighbourhood. Snozzle orders some refreshment, and determines afterwards to pay a visit to the lady fair, to whom he despatches a note to that effect; at this moment his eye falls on Markham's letter, quietly reposing on the table. Snozzle's curiosity is excited, he reads the contents, and while pitying the fate of the "poor young man," a bright idea flashes across him;—he will adopt the name of Markham ('tis of no use to the late owner!) and so visit his *inamorata*. Markham is so much genteeler than Snozzle. As he comes to this determination, Markham returns to find his letter, having, on second thoughts, settled not to let it be known that he had been in the neighbourhood at all. He annoys Snozzle by fruitlessly and energetically examining the table at which he is sitting, whereupon Snozzle grows enraged, and the fracas ends by an exclamation from Markham of "Who are you?" Snozzle of course says he is "Mr. Charles Markham." The real Simon Pure is thunderstruck, an explanation follows, and Markham allows Snozzle to adopt his name, on condition that he may take the name of Snozzle in exchange, *pro tem*. The consequences may easily be imagined. Pounce arrests Snozzle instead of Markham; and Markham passes himself off as the cousin and intended husband of Fanny Spriggins, who having never seen her cousin since he was "unmentionable," may be readily excused taking the ipse dixit of so handsome a fellow as Markham. At this point, a messenger arrives to tell Pounce that the writ against Markham is withdrawn, as his wounded adversary is quite recovered, and the uncle of Snozzle's *inamorata*, Lieut. Spike (Mr. Rogers), rushes on to demand satisfaction of Markham (Snozzle) for his impertinence in writing to his niece. This brings everything to a climax. Snozzle gives up his designs on Spike's niece, resigns cousin Fanny to Markham, and throws himself on the good nature of the audience to allow him to start "to Paris and Back for five pounds" every evening till further notice. From the materials of the above farce it will be seen that "there's nothing in it;" nevertheless, Buckstone, by his irresistible fun, creates a regular Haymarket screamer, and there is no doubt the farce will have as long a run, and draw as full audiences, as the indefatigable manager, Mr. Webster, can desire. To-night Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's comedy of *Not so bad as we seem*, written for the Guild of Literature and Art, will be produced for the first time at a public theatre.

#### MOZART'S TENTH QUARTET.

As an instance to show how musicians, as well as doctors, may differ upon an all-important question, we present our readers with two articles, written by two recognised masters of the art critical on Monday last, apropos of a performance which took place on Saturday, at Mr. Ella's Musical Winter Evenings.

(From the Daily News.)

The Quartet of Mozart, which began the concert, is certainly the weakest of the author's works of this class, and is more rarely performed than any of the others. We are far, however, from blaming Mr. Ella for bringing it forward; for it is desirable that amateurs should have the means of judging for themselves of its

merits, with the help of a finished performance. We have always understood that the *genuineness* of this Quartet has been more than doubted. Nothing whatever is known of its history. Mr. Ella, in his Synopsis, states that it was composed in 1789; but, though he is usually well-informed and accurate in points of musical history, here he is evidently mistaken. It is in the key of D, and in common or 4-4 time. The authentic catalogue of Mozart's works contains a Quartet, in that key and time, composed in 1789; and hence Mr. Ella's error. The Quartet in the catalogue is the first of a set of three, numbered 7, 8, and 9, which are of the concertante kind, and filled with solo passages for the different instruments, and the catalogue for the year 1789 contains these three, designated by their keys and times, and standing in the order in which we have them. The catalogue is continued down to the very last days of Mozart's life, and this so-called No. 10 has no place in it. If, therefore, it is Mozart's at all, it must be one of his juvenile works,—a supposition countenanced by its intrinsic character; for it has much of his peculiar manner, the *tournaire* of his phrases, and his ingenious construction. But it is destitute of the power he was wont to exhibit in 1789, a period when his genius was in its zenith. It was interesting, however, to hear it; and its performance by four such artists was exceedingly agreeable. Its comparative weakness was rendered more apparent by the gigantic strength of Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata, played immediately afterwards.

(From the Morning Post.)

Many of those who were fortunate enough to be present at this highly intellectual concert, were doubtless enchanted at once by Mozart's exquisite quartet; nothing, indeed, could have been better chosen for an introductory piece. Bright and clear as crystal, faithfully reflecting in every bar the simple beauty and pure sentiment of its divine author, it flows naturally and genially—a continuous stream of angelic melody. Here are no metaphysical subtleties, no hidden meanings, no illustrations of strange, exceptional ideas, difficult to fathom. General and universal in its loveliness, it tells no special tale, but delights us like the breath of early summer morning, rich with the odour of a thousand opening flowers, or the vague murmur of Nature's tones, blended into one happy, loving combination. It is the echo of all harmonious thought. Mozart's was truly the spirit which could whisper,

"—— in enamoured tones,  
Sweet oracles of words and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells;  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and skies;  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voiced fountains;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way."

Mozart's music must please everybody whose taste is not utterly corrupted by the spasmodic extravagance and diseased sentiment of the modern "schools." It must please more generally even than that of his mighty successor, Beethoven; for it is happier, sweeter, more regular in form, and more constantly beautiful. Mr. Ella, therefore, we repeat, did well to commence his concert with this work. It was the way to make his audience in love with the classics—to make them feel the beautiful before giving them the sublime, which is derived from it, and was subsequently to appear in Beethoven's *Marcia Funebre*.

The execution of the quartet was just such as quartet-playing should be, a perfect *ensemble*, no one part unduly preponderating. The lovely adagio in G might, we thought, have been given with a little more warmth, but no objection could possibly be made

to the delivery of the other movements; and even in the adagio a praiseworthy unity of feeling was remarkable.

Throughout the entire work, we found the artists working together with one intelligence. In the responsive and imitative passages distributed amongst the instruments, the same quality of tone and poetic purpose were made manifest. Nothing could be better than the management of those important portions of musical expression, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*; the accents were for the most part justly placed, and all the *points* delivered with an emphasis which betokened a thorough appreciation of their value.

If we were inclined to enter into a lengthy analysis, we might well dilate upon the graceful *naïveté* with which Molique, giving the tone to his coadjutors, delivered the principal theme of the opening *allegretto*, and the delicate *nuances* of colouring which he and they imparted to every other part of it. We could also dwell upon the admirable clearness that marked the execution of the many imitative figures in the trio of the minuet, the unflagging spirit and unerring precision with which the concluding *allegro* was rendered; but although it would be a labour of love to do so, want of space compels us to curtail our observations; and, moreover, we have perhaps already said enough to convey a general idea of this performance.

When such able authorities on musical matters are diametrically opposed in their notions, it would not be courteous, perhaps not politic, in us—at least in this place—to offer any decided opinion as to which of the critics has viewed Mozart's quartet in the correct light; or as to whether it would not be best to draw an intermediate line between the animadversions of the *Daily News* and the enthusiastic eulogies of the *Morning Post*. We shall allow all who heard the performance on Saturday night to judge for themselves, and let criticism subside for the present.

#### COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, FEB. 4. LUMLEY V. GYE.

This case came before the Court upon a demurrer to the declaration.

The plaintiff was the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, who brought his action against the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera-house, Covent-garden, to recover damages for enticing Miss Johanna Wagner to break a contract into which she had entered with the plaintiff to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. The declaration contained three counts. The first count alleged that the plaintiff was possessed of Her Majesty's Theatre for the performance of operas; that Miss Johanna Wagner, a singer of great repute, had agreed to sing at the said theatre, and not elsewhere, without the consent of the plaintiff; that the defendant, well knowing the same, and while the said agreement was in full force and effect, maliciously enticed and persuaded the said Johanna Wagner to make default in singing, and break her said agreement, to the plaintiff's damage, &c. The second count was, in substance, the same as the first; it merely substituted the defendant's knowledge of certain proceedings which had been instituted in the Court of Chancery for the knowledge of the agreement mentioned in the first count. The third count differed from the two preceding counts, and alleged that at the time when, &c., the said Johanna Wagner was hired by the plaintiff to sing, &c., as a dramatic *artiste* for the plaintiff for remuneration, the defendant maliciously enticed and procured her to depart from the said service of the plaintiff, to the plaintiff's damage, &c. To the whole of this declaration the defendant demurred, and thus raised the question, whether a person who enticed and persuaded another to break a contract was liable to be sued in an action upon the case by the party who complained of the breach of contract, or whether the remedy in law was not confined to a proceeding against the party who broke the contract.

Mr. WILLES was now heard in support of the demurrer, and argued that the action could not be sustained. The case was of

the first impression. No instance could be cited where an action of this nature had been sustained. The remedy for a breach of the contract was only against the party who broke the contract. That was the general rule. The only exception was where a servant was seduced to leave her master's service, in which case the law gave a right of action against the seducer. But even in that case the servant must be in the actual service of the master at the time of the seduction, or the action could not be sustained. It was not sufficient that the servant had been hired, if the service had not commenced. The third count was bad—first, because an actress, or “dramatic *artiste*,” as Miss Wagner was called, was not a servant at all, but hers was an independent employment; and, secondly, if an actress was a servant, Miss Wagner's service had not commenced; she was only hired. As to the main question, the learned counsel contended that the defendant had been guilty of no injury which could subject him to an action. Miss Wagner herself was at liberty to violate her agreement, subject to her paying the penalty of her breach of contract.

Mr. Justice COLERIDGE suggested that the breach of contract must be considered as Miss Wagner's own act; as, in the case where a party was persuaded to commit a crime, and did it voluntarily, he was regarded as the principal, while the party who incited him was merely an accessory before the fact.

Mr. WILLES cited a case where an action had been brought by the manager of the Opera-house against a person for preventing a singer from singing at the Opera by publishing a libel respecting her, in which case Lord Kenyon held that the action could not be sustained. Then it was said the injury was too remote. If this action could be sustained, where was the line to be drawn? An action might be brought against a man for making an actress an offer of marriage.

Mr. Willes having concluded his argument, the further hearing of the case was adjourned to

#### SATURDAY.

Mr. COWLING (with whom was Mr. Hoggins, Q.C.) was now heard in support of the declaration. The defendant had been guilty of a wrongful act in persuading Miss Wagner to break her contract. It was alleged in the declaration that it was done maliciously, and with the intent to injure the plaintiff, and upon principle, therefore, the action was maintainable, as it was laid down that there was no wrong without a remedy. He contended that wherever a party was entitled under a contract to the exclusive personal services of another party, the latter must be considered *hæc vice* the servant of the former, and that an action would lie in every such case against a third party who enticed the servant to leave his service. The action was not limited, as had been argued, to the case where a servant was seduced; it had been held that the action could be sustained for persuading a man's wife to live separate from her husband, whereby he lost not only his wife's society, but the enjoyment of a fortune bequeathed to her for her separate use. It was also laid down in *Comyn's Digest* that the action lay for enticing a man's tenants-at-will to leave the cultivation of the lands.

Mr. WILLES having replied,

The COURT took time to consider their decision, and, with the consent of the parties, said they would give it on Tuesday; but on that day deferred it to next term.

#### TALES OF THE STAGE.

(Continued from page 32.)

WRITTEN BY AUNT ANNE.

On another point, too, I determined to myself a *free* but *future* right of discussion; this was my dear husband's style of lavish expenditure, to which I was not the least reconciled by the fact that my comfort was the constant subject of a profuseness which I felt assured his means could not justify; on this head, indeed, I had ventured a small remonstrance, which was met by the laughing assurance that his little wife should exercise any amount of economy she thought fit—*bye and bye*,—but for the present, the sum of money which he had amassed for this express purpose must be spent, *a-la* my lord and master's own discretion. Neither



had I altogether overlooked my poor mother's singular request, that I would not ally myself in the profession below the rank of stage manager, but all my little suggestive hints on this subject to my husband proved unsatisfactory. As the friend of the manager, he said he should have fully sufficient power to render his little wife's position a perfectly agreeable one, although he confessed to being too inexperienced, *as yet*, for a stage manager. In this I perfectly coincided, and added that the position of leading actor was far more independent, and even respectable. "Very possibly, Anne," replied my husband, "but I am not gruff and grumble enough for that yet." I rejoined that my allusions were not directed to the Macbeths and Rollas, but rather tended to the Macduffs and Romeos. "No go, Anne," replied he, concisely. I then mentioned dubiously the word prompter; he looked in my face with an anxious and slightly-deprecating smile, and said that I must be aware that such a position, in such a theatre, would be a highly responsible and creditable one. This decided me; and, finding that Mr. and Mrs. Martin, with an unprecedented spirit of amity, recommended me to defer entirely to my good husband, who of course knew his own business best. I resigned myself to a state of supreme contentment until we arrived at the place of our destination.

Here we found a charming cottage prepared for us, within an easy distance of the theatre, and insensible indeed must have been the heart which could fail to appreciate the tender care which had omitted nothing, however trivial, to contribute to my comfort and happiness.

My favourite flowers bloomed in the bright little garden; an arbour, formed after a model of my own fanciful taste, exhaled the perfume of my beloved honeysuckle; an oft-coveted beautifully inlaid desk for myself, a unique little work-table for Mrs. Martin, and the most ingeniously-devised reading, writing, sleeping, and universally-accommodating chair for dear old Mr. Martin. All bespoke the affectionate remembrance of our tastes, the kind observance of all our wishes. Surely some good fairy must have supplied my William with an inventory of every article that would be most acceptable to the inmates of our little paradise; and that none of us were insensible of this fact, witness the smiles, not wholly unmixed with tears, with which our happy party separated, the first night of our residence beneath my own roof, as my husband proudly bade me call it.

The next morning we re-assembled in our bright, sunny parlour, to discuss over the breakfast-table the plans for the day, the very first of which was, that I should accompany my friends to the theatre, to be introduced to our new manager.

"Of course," said I, "William," with a ridiculously nervous feeling at my heart, "so highly proper a character as our new manager is a married man." "Yes, my love," replied William, "and though his wife is a Frenchwoman, she speaks perfectly pure English, and is a very charming person." "An actress, Willie?" "Oh certainly, dear." "In that case," said I, with a slightly professional accent of dejection, "she will, of course, play all the best parts, whilst I—" "Will be left behind," said he laughing, "if you do not make haste," at the same time handing me an insinuating little imitation of a Quaker's bonnet; in which I had been making the tour of our domain; hesitating ere I assumed this plain appendage to my costume, I hinted that my bridal chip hat was comatible, an idea that I instantly abandoned, in compliance with my husband's wish, that I would attire myself "as plainly as possible." This desire expressed with, as I thought, a strange mixture of anxiety and affectionate gallantry, somewhat impressed with the belief that I was to meet, in my new manager, somewhat between a Spanish grandee, a French exquisite, and an English methodist parson. Arrived at the theatre, I was much struck with the neatness, combined with the taste, and even elegance, of all the internal arrangements.

The usual amount of dark passages, broken stairs, dirty corners, and unsightly heaps of rubbish, which render the "behind the scenes" of most country theatres mere barns, were here replaced by arrangements whose neatness and comfort evinced the managers' sense that he was providing for ladies and gentlemen, and his wish to make them feel that they were so. "Charming," I whispered to my husband, as he led me to the stage, and down to the foot-

lights, where the magnates of the theatre were evidently waiting to receive us. I remarked that no one as yet sat at the prompter's table, and I therefore readily conjectured whose business it would be to do so. Before I had time for farther observation, or to remark how nearly the charming little theatre resembled a Louis Quatorze snuff-box, or the interior of a delicately-painted cabinet, my hand was seized and warmly shaken, by my old acquaintance, the *ci-devant* Miss Plantagenet Jones, who, with her really clever husband, the ex-manager, had kindly consented to lead the business during our first season. No less surprised, than gratified, by the warmth of this reception, I congratulated Mrs. Perkins on her improved appearance; for whilst retaining all her beauty, she had acquired from the possession of her little stage sovereignty, a certain air of dignity, which sat gracefully on this still charming young actress. To several other members of the company I was then introduced, and I at once perceived the high estimation in which my husband was held, by the marked cordiality with which I was received, mingled with that half-gallant, half-respectful swagger, which so often distinguishes an actor's manner, and which, by the by, is no bad criterion of the exact amount of managerial favour which the individual he addresses enjoys. Still I looked in vain for Mr. John Thompson, and as no one bearing that name, or in the least realizing my pre-conceived notions of him appeared, I took an opportunity of whispering to William—"When am I to see the manager, Willie?" My husband looked round for a moment, then turning to Mr. Perkins, said—"My dear Ann, I have not yet informed you that Mr. Perkins is to be our stage-manager, and his privilege it is to introduce you to the manager;" a feat which that gentleman, thus called upon, performed, by taking my dear husband's hand, and formally presenting Mr. William Thompson, as sole lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, L———. A cordial, but be it observed, *respectful*, laugh followed at my expense, from all those whom my husband had initiated into his design of mystifying his poor little wife. But where then was John Thompson, or had he only been summoned to act a part from William's fertile imagination? By no means; that substantial personage was in reality a veritable manager, but it was of his own farm some few miles distant, where he was prepared to act the kind half-brother to William and myself, a character in which he was so eminently successful, that, from his first appearance therein, which took place on the following Sunday, which we spent at his farm, a life-long friendship was cemented between us. I soon learnt also that my William was actually the son of the late respected Thompson himself—a fact only brought to light by the old man's will, in which, though little was said of his mother, except that she had atoned for her one fault with her life, he testified his sense of his son William's claim to his justice and affection, by dividing between him and his brother, in equal shares, his unexpectedly large amount of accumulated wealth. By this most unlooked-for inheritance, my dear husband was enabled to carry out his favourite scheme; namely, to become the manager of a theatre, where, without endangering the competence, which he determined never to sacrifice, he could devote his means, time, and energies to the task of catering for the public, in the best school of the drama, without treating his subordinates as mere acting machines or ever forgetting that he had once been a poor struggling actor himself. Whether his system was successful, the love and affection of his company, and the liberal patronage invariably bestowed on his theatre, are facts which will be associated, in all future theatrical annals, with the name of that "Prince of Managers," Mr. William Thompson.

Reader, my task, as far as I am personally concerned, is ended. The utmost extent of happiness to be attained in this wayfaring life of ours, is only to be defined by the word—contentment, and of this unromantic species of enjoyment, I was destined to partake so largely, that those who seek the excitement to be derived from the detail of Aunt Anne's future revelations, must do so in favour of others, in whose cause I invite my readers to follow me, now to the great metropolis, anon the more peaceful retreats of country life; and if not already too weary of the spectacle of proser, even to venture across the far ocean, in quest of the springs which animate that strange machine, that epitome of every phase of life and adventure, the heart of the poor player, in company with Aunt Anne.

## MADAME PLEYEL AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

The announcement that Madame Pleyel would play at a concert given by Mr. Wright, attracted a numerous and fashionable audience to the Pavilion this afternoon. Not only was every available seat occupied, but even the space at the entrance of the music-room was densely crowded by persons who were content to stand during the whole performance, rather than miss an opportunity of hearing the "Queen of Pianists;" and indeed Madame Pleyel's claim to this title, conferred by her admirers, is undeniable. In the music of that school which Liszt and Thalberg originated, she may be said to be without a rival; for, while far superior to all other lady pianists in variety of tone and perfection of execution, she possesses an exquisite grace and delicacy of delivery, a fairy-like lightness of touch, to which none of her male competitors can lay claim. Such is her unerring certainty in accomplishing the most astonishing *tours de force* that the listener is never tempted to wish that difficulties were impossibilities. All this has been acknowledged long ago, and the reality of Madame Pleyel's success may be best evidenced by the fact that compositions possessing little intrinsic merit have become stock pieces in the concert-rooms both of Paris and London, since Madame Pleyel brought them into notice.

Thus Liszt's fantasia on the "Skater's chorus," from the *Prophet*, has been performed even by the most rigid purists among artists, who at first resorted to criticism, as showing how all musical propriety was outraged; and at length, finding themselves unable to arrest the tide of success, were fain to attempt imitation.

At the Pavilion to-day, Madame Pleyel played Prudent's fantasia, on airs from *Don Pasquale*; a "Slovak March," by Blumenthal; two pieces by Liszt, on subjects from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales* (*La Raggiata* and *La Danza*); and lastly, Liszt's arrangement of the "Skater's chorus" from the *Prophet*, of which mention has already been made. Her success was as complete as it was well-merited. By the unanimous desire of the audience she repeated the last piece, every one straining his eyes to convince himself that those marvellously rapid scales were really fingered in the ordinary manner—not produced by drawing one finger only across the keys, as is frequently done.

Mr. Giulio Regondi performed two of his compositions for the concertina in a style so artistic and elegant, as to make it a matter of regret that he has devoted his talent to an instrument of such limited resources.

Songs were sung by Mr. Weiss, Madame Fiorentini, and Miss Alleyne—the latter an improving and promising singer. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied the vocal music.

Mr. G. A. COOPER has, for the last ten days, been giving his Musical Entertainment with great success, at the Salle Robin, Piccadilly.

## MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.

Mr. Allcroft gave a concert on Wednesday evening, at the Lyceum Theatre, to accommodate, as the bill stated, those who could not gain admission to his recent entertainment at Exeter-hall. There were so many names of vocalists and instrumentalists, so many pieces, vocal and instrumental, in the programme, that we have not space to give anything like an account of them. Fifty-one pieces were announced, and we have no doubt that fifty-one pieces were performed, although by no means in the printed order. While we were present Madame Pleyel played Liszt's "Illustrations du Prophète," to the equal astonishment and pleasure of the audience, who recalled her unanimously at the conclusion; Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves sang the popular duet from *Roberto Devereux*, which elicited an encore; the Tyrolean singers executed a quintet, which was also encored; Madame Doria exhibited an extraordinary tone and register of voice in an air from *Romeo*; Herr Nabich played a fantasia on the trombone; Mr. Sims Reeves sang the barcarole from *Fra Diavolo* to an encore; and Miss Stabbach, a young singer of evident promise, produced a legitimate effect in Mr. Frank Mori's ballad, "Come where sweet-toned zephyrs." In addition to the above, overtures and selections for the orchestra, songs, duets, trios, quartets, by Madame Fiorentini, Miss Dolby, Signor and Madame Lablache, and a multitude of singers, solos on the flute, clarinet, concertina, horn, by Richardson, Lazarus, and other well-known exponents, with endless miscellaneous matter, were announced to form part of the entertainment; and if they were all given—to say nothing of "encores," which were remarkably in the ascendant—must have more than satisfied the audience, which not only crowded the boxes and pit to suffocation, but monopolized a part of the stage itself.—(*Times*.)

## MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREEES.

Mr. Sloper renewed his performances of classical pianoforte music, on Thursday night, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The present is the fifth series. Few undertakings of the kind have been carried out more consistently or with greater ability. Excelling as a composer no less than as a pianist, Mr. Sloper is among those who represent most favourably the modern English school of music. One of our fashionable and widely accepted professors, he has rigidly upheld those principles of art to the study of which he owes his rank as a musician, and has made no sacrifices at the shrine of popular taste for the sake of immediate profit and an ephemeral reputation. Uncompromising in his attachment to what he considers right, Mr. Sloper has been enabled to effect a great deal for art in his particular sphere. His programme on Thursday night, like those of former years, was exclusively devoted to the highest class of chamber music. Hummel's trio in E flat, Mendelssohn's *Andante* with variations (Op. 83), and Beethoven's sonata solo in G (Op. 29), were the capital pieces. In the trio Mr. Sloper was assisted by M. Jansa (violin), and M. Rousselot (violoncello), both first-rate performers; and in Mendelssohn's duet by Herr Paner, one of the most accomplished foreign resident pianists in this country. Besides these classical *morceaux* Mr. Sloper introduced three very elegant romances by Mr. Benedict, entitled *Evening Thoughts*; a selection of studies, or caprices, of his own—*Canzone Napolitana*, *Hunting Song*, and *Valse Capricieuse*; and two of the *Pensées Fugitives*, the joint productions of Ernst and Stephen Heller, in which he was aided by M. Jansa on the violin. Mr. Sloper's playing was characterised throughout by those qualities of grace, neatness, and refinement of expression for

which he has acquired a just celebrity. The three studies, among the most charming and highly finished of his minor compositions, were executed to perfection, and afforded the greatest satisfaction. The concert was varied by some vocal music. The singers were Misses Dolby, Amy Dolby, and Kathleen Fitzwilliam. The last-named lady was encored in Kucker's song, "Oh, what is love," and still better deserved, though she did not receive, the compliment, in a very pleasing pastoral, by Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, entitled "The Harvesters." Miss Dolby gave Stradella's aria, "O del mio dolce ardor," in a most impressive manner; and her sister, Miss Amy Dolby, although very nervous, produced a favourable impression in the beautiful *cavatina*, "Rose softly blooming," from one of Spohr's earliest and best operas, *Azor and Zemira*. The two young ladies also sang a duet, from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, with excellent effect. The vocal music was skilfully accompanied on the pianoforte by Signor Biletta.

### Reviews of Music.

**SONGS FROM THE WHITE SLAVE.** No. 2, "IT SEEMED TO ME A HAPPY DREAM;" G. LINLEY.—No. 3, "THE SLAVE'S APPEAL;" G. LINLEY.—No. 4, "I CANNOT GAZE UPON MY CHILD;" G. LINLEY.—No. 5, "THE SEPARATION" (duet); J. L. HATTON. Addison and Hollier.

Of Nos. 1 and 6 we had our say last week. The numbers before us have in no wise tended to convert us to sympathy with the admirers of Uncle Tom and Cassy. We think all such slave subjects entirely repugnant to refined musical and poetical feeling. At all events, the unceasing and interminable war of notes and words carried on in every quarter on the same apparently inexhaustible subject, would annihilate interest, were the poet a Shelley or Byron, and the composer a Mozart or Mendelssohn. As we said last week, we have no direct objection to the ballads under review. Our objection is indirect, and directs itself to the system of slave appeals, flogging odiums, tyrannies repudiated, and murders not to be conceived. These we deem themes unfit for the chaste and delicate muse. In the "Songs from the White Slave"—granting that the subject is recognisable—Mr. J. L. Hatton has fulfilled his mission, Mr. George Linley has fulfilled his mission, and Mr. J. E. Carpenter has fulfilled his mission. We know there be many who, mawkishly inclined, and with a precipitate leaning to the anathematizing of all domestic horrors and slave atrocities, look not merely with complacency, but with delight absolute on such effusions, prosy or poetical, and who prefer the raw-head and bloody-bones of hotbed fancies to the mild, the beautiful, or the sublime in composition. We are not of that ilk; but whose are, to them we can introduce the "Songs from the White Slave," as being likely to constitute a valuable addition to the choicest shelves.

**"WELLINGTON MARCH OF VICTORY.** By CAPT. W. H. ARMSTRONG. T. Boosey and Sons.

The Captain, who is already the author of "The Battle-flag of England," "March of the Brave," and other pieces, has, in the "Wellington March," shown himself both a fair musician and a striving composer. It constitutes a good companion to the "Battle of Prague," and the "Coburg March," and is well calculated to inspire the soldier in the field of battle. It is pleasing and effective, and is worthy the selection of pianoforte players, as a choice composition. A portrait, in colours, of the late Iron Duke, adorns the title-page, and the "March" itself is inscribed by the gallant Captain to the British army.

**"THE SUNBEAM WALTZ."**—Composed by CHARLES ANDERSON. B. Williams.

"The Sunbeam Waltz" commence too much like a chorus in Rossini's *Gasia Lodea*, to set off originally. They have, however,

their individual merit, and carry their virtues on their own heads. The set consists of five, of which No. 4 is the best marked and most tuneful.

**"'T WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING"**—Ballad—Poetry by CHARLES SWAIN—Music by FRANK MORI. Cramer, Beale and Co.

A very elegant and graceful song, and one of the most happy effusions we have had for some time from the pen of its talented author. Mr. Mori has, indeed, been felicitous in his setting of Mr. Charles Swain's pretty and simple verses, which we admire to the utterance. Mr. Mori's ballad lately, at Madame Pleyel's concert, created a marked sensation from the pretty lips of the pretty Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and was encored unanimously, not to say enthusiastically. We have much pleasure in commending "'Twas on a Sunday morning," to all lovers of the ballad.

**"THE MESSIAH"**—Oratorio—By HANDEL—New Edition, with all the altered pieces, and an accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte—Arranged by JOHN BISHOP. Robert Cocks and Co.

A new edition of the *Messiah*, of which countless editions already exist, would scarcely seem to be called for. Nevertheless, Mr. John Bishop, an old and experienced hand, and Messrs. Cocks, who are indefatigable in giving to the world the most vast and important musical works, have thought otherwise, and, in a very handsome, convenient, and portable edition just issued, and of which they have kindly favoured us with a copy, they have shown that they had reason on their side. The folio edition of Messrs. Cocks and Bishop has been generally and deservedly praised; and we need say no more in favour of the smaller and more universally available copy, than that, with some unimportant alterations, and some very important additions, it is the same as the folio. The edition comprises a book of the words, an appendix with different versions of particular pieces, and, among others, Mozart's version of the air, "The trumpet shall sound," and "If God be with us." The alterations are confined to some improvements in the pianoforte accompaniment, and to the adoption of the real tenor clef for the tenor part, and to the transposition of the alto part, an octave lower. In the folio, both these voices were placed in the treble clef, which presented them an octave higher than the right pitch.

Mr. Bishop, in his preface, complains that Dr. Rimbault, in his edition for the Handel Society, has pillaged his (Mr. Bishop's) folio extensively. Among other maraudings, he accuses him of adopting certain inner parts to the air, "Thou art gone up on high," "which do not exist in the score." How, then, we may ask, and on what authority, did they find themselves in Mr. Bishop's score? This by the way.

The new edition of the immortal oratorio will be eagerly sought, no less by professors than by amateurs.

**"A FRAGMENT OF THE XXVIII. PSALM"**—By ARISTIDES VERRI. Privately printed, Glasgow.

A rhapsody, not without feeling, and not without a striving after musical originality, which, even if not reached, confers honour on the striver. The voice part is unusually difficult, and the accompaniment unusually laboured, and some of the progressions unusually strange and uncanonical. Whatever its defects, however, it cannot be said of Mr. Aristides Verrì's music, that it is not curious. To say that it is devotional, would be saying too much; having said which, we have said enough.

**"FOUR NOTTURNOS"**—For the Pianoforte—Dedicated to STERNDALE BENNETT—By J. BAPTISTE CALKIN. Charles Jeffreys.

It is a long time since we have seen four short pieces better adapted for teaching, and less calculated to spoil the taste of the pupil, than these notturnos of Mr. Calkin, which are so appropriately dedicated to our most accomplished professor. Not shining particularly on the score of originality, there is, nevertheless, so much real musical feeling about them, and a rejection of all useless difficulties, that they cannot fail to attract the attention of the player and listener. They enable the former to shine with-



out much trouble, and will please the latter, without drawing too largely on the depths of his intelligence.

No. 1, in F, is a pretty and well-developed piece, the melody somewhat *a la Bellini*, and the arrangement at the end in the brilliant style of Steibelt.

No. 2, in D flat, 12—8, will suggest the opening of the overture to *Les diamans de la Couronne*, transposed half a tone higher; but the arrangement is elegant, and the development clear.

No. 3, in G, is a very pretty song, without words, not altogether unlike Schubert, and containing some graceful passages, and good practice for the learner in the three last pages.

No. 4, in D, is again in the manner of the Italian cantelena, but is so well written for the instrument, and so melodious, that it will possibly find the greatest number of admirers of the four.

To conclude, we heartily recommend all four.

### Provincial.

CORNWALL.—On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hempel gave a sacred concert, and on Tuesday evening a secular concert, under the patronage of the ladies of Truro and the Mayor, H. Lambe, Esq. The concerts were given in the Council Hall, which was granted by the Mayor. Both concerts were honoured by fashionable and numerous companies. The vocalists were, Mrs. Hempel and her sister, Miss A. Andrew; Mr. George Tedder, of London, Mr. Hempel, and some members of the late Choral Society. On Monday evening, Mrs. Hempel and Miss A. Andrew took part with Mr. Hempel in a trio by Winter, "O Jesu;" and Mr. and Mrs. Hempel sang the duet from the *Creation*, "By thee with bliss;" both performances were favourably received. Mr. Hempel, also sang the air from the *Creation*, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," with its recitative. But the gratification of the audience was mainly due to the singing of Mr. G. Tedder. Mr. Tedder had previously, by his vocal abilities and his agreeable manner in the concert-room, established himself as a favourite in Truro; and on the occasion of his present visit, his singing was marked by considerable improvement in several important respects. His effective delivery of Rossini's "Cujus animam," on Monday, was listened to with most earnest attention and followed by rapturous applause and an *encore*, which was obligingly complied with. His singing of the opening recitative and air from the *Messiah*, and of the recitative and air from the *Creation*, descriptive of the creation of man, was almost equally meritorious and effective. Indeed, Mr. Tedder's performances generally fully confirmed the favourable opinion of his Truro patrons and friends, and he may be assured that his occasional visits here will always be acceptable. We have no other professional singer to notice on this occasion; but have pleasure in recording that Master John Hugo—whose creditable performances, on former occasions, we have had to notice—acquitted himself admirably. Especially, his singing of the air, "What though I trace"—was marked by a correctness of intonation and an improvement in his style and delivery, that were exceedingly gratifying to his hearers, who, though hearing him immediately after Mr. Tedder, listened to him with much pleasure and encored his performance. He also sang, with Mr. Tedder and Mr. Hempel, in the trio, "Most beautiful appear,"—from the *Creation*.—Another trio, and a difficult one, was very creditably sung by Mr. James Hugo, and by Messrs. Thomas and John Rowe.—There were in the course of Monday evening, several chorusses, from Handel, Haydn, Spohr, Pergolesi, and Beethoven; they were generally given with the precision and spirit which was wont, during the existence of the Choral Society, to characterise the performances of its members. The programme for the secular concert, comprised a tasteful selection of solos, duets, trios, glees, and chorusses; and two pianoforte duets, tastefully performed by Mr. and Mrs. Hempel. Mrs. Hempel also performed a *Reverie* by Ravina, with finished execution and a thorough appreciation of the composer's intentions. Mr. Tedder again acquitted himself admirably, displaying the power and excellent quality of his voice with judgment and feeling; he was encored in almost every solo. Bellini's favorite scena, "All is lost now," as sung by Mr. Tedder, afforded a musical treat, such as has been rarely enjoyed by a Truro

audience, who were not slow to appreciate both the beauties of the composer and the excellence of the singer. Mr. Tedder sang two solos, by our townsman, Mr. Hempel, which were both encored. Mr. Tedder also sang "the Thorn," "the Death of Nelson," &c., and was most rapturously applauded in all his trying and arduous performances. Master John Hugo also acquitted himself admirably in a solo.

GREENOCK.—During the last fortnight, the inhabitants of Greenock and Paisley have flocked to the concerts given by the Philharmonic Societies of these towns. The band numbers, amongst others, Thirlwall, Hausmann, Harper, Pratten, Nicholson, F. Pratten, &c. &c. Mrs. Alexander Newton is adding to her reputation greatly, by her singing not only the Italian grand arias, but in the simple ballad school she has been nightly encored in all her songs, and is evidently a great favourite with "our townfolk." We give a programme for Friday, February 4th, as a pattern to concert givers, not only as regards the *quantity*, but the *quality*. These concerts are doing much to encourage the taste for music of the right sort here. Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Bart., is the President.

Overture, "Il Barbiere," Rossini. Quartet, "Ecco quel fiero," Costa; arranged by Mr. R. S. Pratten, for these concerts. Song, "Sweet May is advancing," Kücken (Mrs. A. Newton). Allegretto, Symphony in A, Beethoven. "Invitation a la Danse," Weber. Overture, "Son and Stranger," Mendelssohn. Overture, "Massaniello," Aubert. Aria Finale, "Ah! non credea," and "Ah! no giunge," "Somnambula," Bellini (Mrs. A. Newton). Fantasia Violoncello, Airs by Donizetti, Hausmann (Mr. Hausmann) Overture, "Preciosa," Weber. Song, "Cushla Machree," Cherr. (Mrs. A. Newton). Quadrille, "Ireland," on National Melodicy D'Albert.

### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MESDAMES PLEYEL AND FIORENTINI AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., a grand miscellaneous concert took place in the Birmingham Town Hall, under the management of Mr. Harrison, music-seller, a gentleman who has been one of the most successful musical caterers of the season, whether as regards the various attractions he has offered to the public, or the brilliant assembly which met to appreciate his efforts. The *exécuteurs* were mostly of the first-class, and the programme consisted of selections from the most *recherche* works of our great composers. The concert commenced with the trio, "Voga, voga," by Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, and Mr. Weiss; after which, Miss Alleyne gave Pacini's aria from the *Niobe* very sweetly and timidly. Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance in Bishop's ballad, "Be mine, dear maid," and was complimented with the usual outburst of applause and a demand for an *encore*, which was too imperative to be declined. The duet from *Faust*, "Dearest, let thy footsteps follow," was sung with the most charming effect by Miss Alleyne and Mr. Weiss; and the latter was warmly applauded in the song from Schubert's "Wanderer," which he executed with great energy and precision.

Among the pieces sung by Madame Fiorentini were, F. Mori's ballad, "Twas on a Sunday morning," a most refreshing and cheering little melody, which was rapturously encored. The same artiste was also announced to sing another of Mori's ballads, but for some reason she omitted it, and gave a beautiful Spanish air, containing a small exclamatory passage, which afforded no small merriment to the audience. The last piece was encored amidst thundering applause, and attracted alike by its peculiar construction and the smoothness with which it was delivered.

Madame Fiorentini was also announced to perform a scena from *Der Freischutz*, but, without making any apology, she gave, in lieu, an Italian air, much to the mortification of the audience. This was doubtless occasioned by her indisposition; but when the same liberty was taken on several occasions throughout the evening, we

can hardly conceive how the concert terminated without any manifestation of disapproval. Mr. Sims Reeves also apologized for substituting Beethoven's "Adelida" for "Il mio tesoro," but still we think the greatest favourite should be exceedingly chary of trespassing too far upon the nature of their auditory. Madame Fiorentini also took part with Mr. Reeves in the duet "Ah mori." This was, perhaps, the most effective piece in the whole programme; its exquisite harmony and the perfection with which it was sung—each executant displaying the utmost chasteness of expression throughout—rendered it the chief gem of the evening.

Madame Pleyel was indubitably the star of the evening, for she had scarcely played a dozen bars before the audience became completely entranced with delight at the sensuous beauty of every note as they fell upon the enlivened sense. The instrument, which she had selected herself from Broadwood's, was magnificent for its fullness and beauty of tone; and the suppleness of her fingers were fully adapted to the most rapid and rigorous passages. Her touch was of the most delicate and facile description, producing the most exquisite and pellucid strains, and thoroughly astounded the audience by the grace and mechanism of her movements.

Amongst the pieces she performed were a fantasia, from *Don Pasquale*; Liszt's "Illustrations du Prophète;" Prudent's "Reveil des Fées," &c., &c. It is impossible to describe the effects which she produced upon her instrument, the delicate alternations of shade, or the full cadence of harmonious sounds; but each of her performances were rapturously applauded, and enthusiastically redemanded.

Mr. Sims Reeves also sang Macfarren's "The Death of Wellington," in the most impressive strain, till he gradually reached the climax of his subject, and poured forth such a volley of the richest harmony as completely electrified his auditory. The most intense feeling and dramatic expression were observed in the solemn passages while his sustained intonation in the more energetic portions produced the most transcendent effect. The hall reverberated again with the enthusiasm of the audience for an encore, and Mr. Reeves complied by singing "Down where the blue bells grow."

Mr. Weiss gave Mendelssohn's graphic song, "I am a rover bold and gay," which he rendered in his usual comical style, and excited the good humour of the audience, so as to honour him with an encore. Miss Alleyne also sang several airs in a very charming manner, and she bids fair to become a very accomplished singer, as she displays considerable richness of tone, which only requires culture to become more appreciated. Her appearance, however, in Birmingham was of a very successful character. We may add, also, that Madame Fiorentini possesses abilities of the highest order, and the liquid intonation of her voice cannot fail to secure for her a distinguished position amongst the leading artists of the day.

### Miscellaneous.

**STOKE-NEWINGTON.**—THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, (E. Land, Hon. Secretary), including Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, were engaged on Monday evening last, by the committee of the Stoke-Newington Literary Society, to give one of their attractive concerts to the members of the institution. Long before the hour of commencing, the large room at the Manor-house, Church Street, was filled in every part by an attentive and enthusiastic audience, whose expressions of delight throughout the concert, proved the excellence of the performance, and the reviving taste for a school of English music that the members of this Union have laboured so hard and so successfully to place before the public in an efficient and perfect manner. Several of the glees and madrigals were rapturously encored; Miss Dolby was similarly complimented in Mr. Land's admired new song, "The sunshine of our home," Mr. Frank Bodda in Rossini's never-failing aria buffa, "Largo al factotum," Miss E. Birch in "The Singing Lesson," and Mr. Land in Lover's ballad, "Sally, why not name the day." These artistes will appear on the 14th inst., at the Scientific Institution, Wellington Street, Islington.

**HERR REICHHARDT.**—The talented vocalist will visit London this season.

**Mdlle. HELENE CONDELL.**—The success of this talented vocalist is confirmed by her charming personation of the heroine in the *Élixir d'Amore*. Mdlle. CondeLL's singing throughout the opera is remarkable for truthfulness of intonation and correctness of execution. The applause this excellent artiste invariably receives, is a sure sign of her increasing popularity.

**MR. H. C. COOPER**, who has been some time sojourning at Clifton, has returned to London.

**NEW CHORAL SOCIETY.**—A Choral Society has been formed in the Marylebone district parish of Christ Church (Albany Street, Regent's Park.) The society, which has been joined by the rector and many of the clergy of the neighbouring parishes, on yesterday se'night gave its first public concert, consisting of a copious selection from *The Messiah*. The attendance was so unexpectedly great, that the *locale* of the concert was hastily transferred from the small to the large school-room, adjoining the church. The soloists were, Mrs. John Roe and Mrs. Dixon; Messrs. Sowerby and Skelton. Mr. John Roe (the organist of the church) wielded the baton. With Mrs. John Roe the public are already acquainted. Her best song on this occasion was "Rejoice greatly," which she delivered with great spirit and felicity of expression. Mrs. Dixon has a beautiful contralto voice, and sings with a grace and delicacy from which a fair future may be confidently predicted. The gentlemen were respectably *au fait*. The choruses were given with the most satisfactory precision and force, but we would strongly advise the society, until it has funds to engage a professional band, to dispense with an orchestra altogether, and to transfer its performances to the church, where there is an excellent organ.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB CONCERTS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—The fourth concert, under the patronage of the above club, came off on Thursday evening, Jan. 27, at the Club Rooms, Arundel Street, Strand; and, like the three preceding concerts, was fully attended. The programme set forth a diversified and excellent selection, which was performed in a manner highly creditable to the artists engaged. Herr Anschuetz, as conductor, proved himself a great acquisition, from his perfect knowledge of the business incidental to that office. Among the many excellencies, we would particularize Mdlle. Zimmerman's "Before my eyes beheld him," which was enthusiastically received. Herr Kreutzer, on the violin solo, evinced that superior power over his instrument for which he is so well known. The Misses Brougham were in excellent voice, and deservedly encored in the duets, "In the greenwood there's a bower," and the "Elfin call." Herr N. de Becker's singing of the "Standard Bearer" was barely mediocre. The performance terminated with the beautiful trio, "Vadisi via de qua," of Martini. Director, Mr. G. A. Cooper.

**RICHMOND.**—ETHERINGTON'S CONCERTS D'HIVER.—(From a Correspondent.)—The fourth concert of the series of six, under the patronage of the Duchess of Cambridge, took place on Monday evening last, at the Castle Hotel, Richmond. Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, and was in excellent voice, and sang in his usual exquisite manner. The programme, with the exception of the songs sung by Mr. Reeves, consisted of a solo on the trombone by M. Vimieux, beautifully played, and "Recollections of Wales," on the pianoforte, by Mr. J. W. Etherington, received by the audience with coolness. The band, a first-rate one, numbered in its ranks some of the noted artists of the day, and was ably conducted by Herr Anschuetz. A polka by T. Browne ("The Marionette") was played in excellent style. The second part opened with the overture to *William Tell*, taken by the conductor in such strict time that we almost dreaded the result; but it was admirably gone through and loudly encored, the *allegro* movement only was repeated. Mr. Reeves sang five times during the evening, and was twice encored. He almost surpassed himself in the serenade, "Oh, summer night," from *Don Pasquale*. The grand finale was the quadrilles from *Pietro il Grande*, and was performed in first-rate style by the band. The performance of the quadrille was greeted with a long round of applause. It was given out that the services of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves were secured for the next concert in March.

**EDMONTON.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Mrs. Plummer and Mr. Mitchell, "The Blind Composer," gave an Evening Concert, under

the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, in the Assembly Rooms, Angel Hotel, Edmonton, on Monday Evening. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, and Madame Zimmerman. Messrs. Williams, De Becker, Bolton, and Pierre, Pianoforte, Mr. William Mason. The programme commenced with the Overture to *Semiramide*. The Trio, "Playmates of my early days," from Mr. Mitchell's opera, *The Last Crusade*, was nicely rendered by Miss Birch, and Messrs. De Becker and Williams. Mr. Pierre, in the aria, "Spirito Gentil," was not at home; in his other song, "My boyhood's love," he was something better. Miss Lascelles, "Nobil Signor," was excellent; and in Hobbs' song, "The Original Crier, or the Lost Heart," was encored. Of Miss Birch, we need only say that she sang in her usual artistic manner. Mrs. Plummer, who was in good voice, sang Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingari," with much effect, and was encored. Her other songs were encored. Madame Zimmerman, in the romance from *Der Freischütz*, delighted the audience. The Viola obligato, played by Mr. Westlake, was very good. The chief feature of the entertainment was the Pianoforte solos of Mr. William Mason, which created quite a sensation. The Conductor was Mr. Arthur O'Leary, and the Director, Mr. Mitchell. The concert passed with satisfaction, and was exceedingly well attended.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Miss B., Reading, to Christmas 1852; F. V., Reading; G. W., Edinburgh; I. S., Dublin; G. C. T., Madison, Morgan County, Georgia.

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A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of an old scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, dear Sir, your faithful servant, (Signed) WALKER & Co. The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases: Bad Legs, Coco Bay, Contracted and Lumbago, Scurvy, Bad Breasts, Chicago-foot, Stiff Joints, Piles, Sore heads, Burns, Chills, Eczema, Rheumatism, Tumours, Fumous, Chapped Lips, Fistulas, Scalds, Ulcers, Itch of Moche, Croup (Sore), Sore Nipples, Wounds, Foot and Sand, Cancer, Glandular Swell, Sore-throats, Yaws, Itch, Skin-diseases.

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WATER SPRAY. By LINDSAY SLOPER.—Just published, Mr. Sloper's favourite Morceau de Salon, for the pianoforte, entitled "Water Spray," price 3s. Also, "The Sunbeam," by G. A. Osborne, price 3s. And the Second Edition of his most popular piece, entitled "Evening Dew," 3s. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.



A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1852.

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## Poetry.

O Heav'n! hear my prayer  
Spare, oh! spare  
One for me,  
Left to mourn,  
With no heart her woes to share  
Ah, me! Far from home  
Forced to roam,  
Hope on earth

None have I,  
Save to lay me down and die!  
Once hope was shining o'er me,  
And pleasure smiled before me,  
Each day did joy restore me,  
And life flow'd gently by!  
But hope now hath flown,  
And life's last light is gone!

Leave me not, leave me not,  
Without one kind look or sign!  
Thou, my star and treasure only,  
Wanting thee, my life were lonely.  
Leave me not, leave me not,  
Or leave me here to die!

Q stay! Q stay!—One moment stay!  
Perhaps this hand I press  
In death's cold grasp may soon remain!  
Those eyes no more may bless  
My soul with light again!  
Leave me not! leave me not!

Beloved Zaardam,  
Fair smiling home!  
Whence peace and joy  
Ne'er seek to roam!

The heav'n unites  
With earth and sea,  
A Paradise  
To make of thee!

Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot,  
These hands with pride have toil'd to raise!  
On earth to me, what other spot  
Can lend the charm of tranquil days?

Beneath thy roof no fears I knew,  
Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell;  
We part—this heart remains with you;  
My humble cot, farewell, farewell!

Oh! hear beloved master, hear  
The friend who long hath served the well.  
Uste his words, oh! turn thine ear,  
Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.

Awake from this hour's fatal dream;  
The voice of an empire obey!  
The light of her glory be seen,  
And turn not from her hopes away!

Catherine, I know not where to seek thee  
In vain on thee I call!  
The guests in crowds assemble,  
And gladness reigns around.  
Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng

Their Emperor hopeless pined.  
 An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why?  
 If I alone must sigh  
 And dream of joys no more!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!

**Sons of Russland famed in story !  
Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging,  
Ne'er from truth or valour ranging,  
Honour's star still shines before you !**

Real and patriot love that souls make strong  
Peace and freedom for your cause have won!  
While high gallant deeds all nation's own,  
Shall fame resound your power and glory!

With ruthless hand we strike the foe!  
Our home is on the battle plain,  
Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain!  
Death to all--no mercy show!  
When the cannon roars around,  
And deep thunders shake the ground,  
Thro' the flame and smoke we ride  
Dealing death on every side!

And should some trembling wretch,  
With lifted hand, for pity pray,  
And plead for wives and babes,  
Left sad and lonely, far away;  
Shall we, to softness mov'd, our ma-  
shame?  
No, &c!—

### Opinions of the Press.

**From the TIMES**

Mr. MILLER's new opera, *Pietro il Grande*, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improved on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, or, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in *Pietro il Grande*. In the first act, the choruses of sailors and pipemakers, the madrigal, the scene of the storm, the march of the Cossacks, the song of the quartet, due for Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Lefort's recitative, with double-bass soloists, and the dramatic scene for Rosomaká & the conspirators; in the fourth, with waltz and march (act 1); and in the second act, are fairly good pieces of music. The dramatic company—that the opera has so many good things to recommend it, will be a favorite with the public, can hardly, they think, be doubted.

**From the EXAMINER**

Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The chorus of the *seminars* of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatina, "O mio genio, in grado di farli, in grado di farli," is a charming melody. The song of the *seminars*, "O mio genio, in grado di farli, in grado di farli," was redemanded, and after it came the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "Dì Muscoria telli amli," founded on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor-Tamberlik and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously redemanded. In the incidental ballet, Juliette has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.

From the LITERARY GAZETTE.

M. JULIEN'S *Fausto* and *Freude* was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the public curiosity concerning an event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Julien is capable of higher employment than as a leader of light, frothy, and ephemeral harmony. No one has ever before, in this country, written such a variety of short pieces. His astonishing facility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing capacity in these respects has not been fully appreciated. He is not a man who can be hurried into a composition, and who, after a few flights, he would break down. Just as it was said how could Moore, however "sweetly attuned," enter into the lists with Scott and Byron, it was said how could Julien enter the lists with the authors of *Macbeth* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and though resembling none of his contemporaries, has proved himself a genuine poetical blood as either of them.

From the MUSICAL WORLD.

*Pietro il Grande* was rented on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance was greatly superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the Season—drapery the day of year, when the town is nearly empty. The singing was of the highest quality, the enthusiasm of the audience was extraordinary. The three first acts and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Quatuor, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in faith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the notices we have supplied. The success of *Pietro il Grande* will fill all eyes with admiration, and will doubtless lead to many more to come, one of the most attractive operas in the splendid repertory of the Royal Italian Opera.

# NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

1853.

## THE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON WILL TAKE PLACE IN EXETER HALL,

On the following Evenings:

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, | WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, |
| " " APRIL 13,        | " " JUNE 22,       |
| " " MAY 11,          | FRIDAY, JULY 8.    |

CONDUCTORS,

Herr **LINDPAINTENER**,

Dr. **WYLDE**,

AND (FOR THE FIFTH AND SIXTH CONCERTS),

Dr. **SPOHR**.

The Orchestra and Chorus, of last year have been increased, and arrangements have been made to secure the best available Solo talent, both Vocal and Instrumental.

Besides other Works, it is the intention of the Society to produce, in the course of the season:—

BEETHOVEN'S Cantata, "The Praise of Music,"

WEBER'S unpublished Cantata, "Kampf und Sieg."

MENDELSSOHN'S "Walpurgis Nacht."

Dr. SPOHR'S Double Symphony for two Orchestras.

GLUCK'S Choruses from "Iphigenia."

LINDPAINTENER'S Overtures to "Faust" and "The Vampire."

BEETHOVEN'S Choral Symphony.

MENDELSSOHN'S Symphony in C minor.

BEETHOVEN'S Choruses from "The Ruins of Athens."

MENDELSSOHN'S Symphony in A, No. 3.

A Selection from "The Island of Calypso," by E. J. LODER.

The Overture to "Genoveva," by C. HORSLEY.

Vocal Compositions by JOHN BARNETT, HENRY SMART, and HOWARD GLOVER.

A new Composition by E. SILAS.

The Overture to "Don Carlos," by G. A. MACFARREN.

The First Part of Dr. WYLDE'S Music to Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The Directors, in having secured the services of the distinguished Composer, Herr LINDPAINTENER, as well as those of Dr. WYLDE, to conduct the first four Concerts, and those of "the great Composer of the age," Dr. SPOHR, for the remaining Concerts of the Series, feel confident that they shall thereby ensure the support of the public and the success of the Society.

Herr LINDPAINTENER'S Works are held in the highest repute throughout Germany, and his Orchestral Overtures alone would form an interesting feature in the Programmes of the Concerts.

The Subscribers will have the advantage of hearing Dr. SPOHR'S Double Symphony for two Orchestras, entitled "Irisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben," performed under his direction; and likewise Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the repetition of which, this season, will derive additional interest, from the fact that the celebrated performance of it at the Beethoven Festival in Bonn was conducted by Dr. SPOHR.

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By order of the Directors,

WILLERT BEALE, Sec.

Jan. 28th, 1853.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—NEXT FRIDAY, FEB. 18, HANDEL'S JUDAS MACCAREUS. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Deakin, Miss F. Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. H. Phillips. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Secretary's office, No. 6, Exeter Hall.

## HARMONIC UNION, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. BENEDICT.—ON MONDAY EVENING, 21st inst., will be performed, Handel's Oratorio, THE MESSIAH. Principals—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss E. Rowland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus, complete in every department, will consist of 500 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 10s. 6d. Season Subscription, 1, 3, 3 guineas; at the principal Music-sellers, and the office, 5, Exeter Hall. New Subscribers will be entitled to three transferable tickets for this performance.

## HERR ERNST PAUER

HAS the honour to announce that he will give THREE SOIREE'S MUSICALES at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's, on WEDNESDAYS, February 16th, March 2nd, and March 9th. On which occasions he will be assisted by:—Vocalists: Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Wrighton. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Pauer, and W. S. Bennett; Violin, Mr. Mollique and Herr Janas; Violoncello, Signor Platti and Mr. Lucas. Herr Pauer will introduce at these Soirees a MS. Sonata for Piano and Violin, a MS. Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, in addition to several of his newest Pianoforte Solo compositions. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Subscription Tickets for the Series, One Guinea, entitling the holder to reserved seats; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at all the principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Pauer, 32, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

## ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S

## NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From the Observer, Feb. 5.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH (octavo Edition), by JOHN BISHOP.—London: Robert Cocks and Co.—It is not often that cheapness is combined with increased utility, still less frequently that beauty is added to an object for which a smaller sum is asked; yet this rare combination is met with in the new octavo edition, by John Bishop, of Cheltenham, of Handel's "Messiah," the most superb edition, probably, of a musical work ever issued in so compact a form. It is printed from a new font of type (and is really a fine specimen of typography), upon a strong extra fine paper, in imperial octavo; and, in addition to its exterior advantages, it presents a new and more careful arrangement of the whole vocal score from the larger edition, with remarkable and valuable additions, more particularly an appendix, containing altered versions of several pieces by Handel himself, and by the great Mozart. Price 6s. 6d.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANO-FORTE, 37th Edition. Fingered by CZERNY. This has become quite a domestic volume, constant as the pianoforte itself in every family. Hamilton and Czerny and Hamilton are names familiar in the mouths of children and their mammae as "household words." Of many attempts to imitate this remarkable instruction-book, all have failed. It is declared to be unapproachable, and to be, in fact, a complete grammar for the pianoforte student. The veriest child, the critics say, may learn from Hamilton's book. Price 4s.

"MARY ASTORE." Words by MRS. CRAWFORD, Music by STEPHEN GLOVER. 2s.—This exquisite ballad, tender and expressive as it is elegant in its construction, has become a general drawing-room favourite. Miss Dolby, the most charming of English vocalists, creates a *furor* as often as she sings this song, over which her interpretation throws a feeling most intense, and adds fresh graces to the conception of the elegant writer and composer; indeed, "Mary Astore," although a new song, is already classed as a national Irish ballad. It was first published in "Cocks's Musical Miscellany."

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